

Characters

- 105
- 106
- JAILER
- MR` R
- MR` S
- MR` T
- MISS I
- MISS O
- MISS U
- SERVANT
- WAITER
- DISHWASHER
- MISS CAKE
- MOTHER
- DRIVER
- INJURED MAN
- SOLDIER I
- SOLDIER II
- MAYOR

The roles of Waiter, Driver and Soldier I are to be played by one actor. So are the roles of Dishwasher, Injured Man and Soldier II.

Act 1

Act 1, Scene 1

Act One

SCENE 1

( *The Cell. 105 and 106 dig and sing. The Jailer enters. He is out of breath. He sits and dries his forehead.*)

105 & 106

Dig, dig, dig A hole to be free. Dig a hole, dig a hole, A hole to be free.

JAILER

It's been a hard day.

105 & 106

Dig, dig, dig.

JAILER

Screwing all day.

105 & 106

A hole to be free.

JAILER

Can't let the ladies visit the inmates unless they pay dues.

105 & 106

Dig a hole, dig a hole, A hole to be free.

JAILER

Oh, it's been a hard day. 34's wife, 48's daughter, 108's widow.

105 & 106

Fly the coop. Break the wall. See the sun.

JAILER

Well, better get back to the ladies. Just came up for some air. ... What are you two doing there?

105 & 106

Dig a hole, dig a hole, A hole to be free.

JAILER

Hm. You look like you're digging. Well, I better get back to the widow before she finds out her old man's dead.

105 & 106

Unacquainted with evil we are. This shelter protects us from wrong. To discover the appearance of sin We must go where the dog takes a leak.

JAILER

So long, boys ... By the way, if you want to get visitors just let me know.

( *The Jailer laughs loudly as he walks away.* )

I can arrange it for you.

105 & 106

The hole is dug. Here we go.

( *105 and 106 disappear through the hole.* )

**Act 1, Scene 2**

SCENE 2

( *The Banquet. There are Ladies and Gentlemen in evening clothes around the table. The Servant sweeps. The Waiter serves*

*the Guests. 105 and 106 enter. They put on top hats and tails. They sit at the table and eat.)*

MR. R

Speech ... speech ...

MR. S

Let's play croquet ...

MR. R

Speeches and music ...

MR. T

Let's call Mr' Lipschitz ...

MR. S

No speeches ... No speeches ...

MR. R

Let's have a song ...

*( 105 and 106 clear their throats.)*

MISS O

Mr' T, was that you I saw on the corner of Fifth and Tenth?

MR. T

Perhaps.

MISS O

With Mrs' Schumann and her newly clipped poodle?

MR. T

Oh, no, it wasn't I. Friday night I was out of town.

MISS O

Ah! And how did you know it was Friday night I saw you on the corner of Fifth?

*( They all laugh.)*

MR. T

Well, I must confess. The lady loves me.

*( They all laugh.)*

MISS U

She shows good taste.

MR. R

Then, introduce us. She'll surely fall for me.

( *The Ladies giggle. Mr` R writes in a notebook.*)

Mrs` Schumann ... lady of taste.... Bring dog biscuit.

( *To Mr` T.*)

What is her address?

MR. T

Tch-Tch.

MISS I

Oh, Mr` R, what perspicacity.

MISS O

Are you sure that's what you mean?

( *Miss I looks a little embarrassed*)

MR. S

Let's have a song.

( *105 and 106 stand and get ready to sing*)

MISS O

And who are these? Dear me.

( *105 and 106 relize they have been in discreet. They sit back at the table and pretend not to hear the others.*)

MISS I

They must be friends of Mr` S.

MISS U

My dear. You go right to the point.

MISS I

Mr` S does frequent rather unearthly places, doesn't he.

MR. T

What do you mean?

MISS I

I mean the lower depths.

MR. T

Oh, yes.

MR. S

If I am sometimes in the company of this and that, my dear, it's only because I like to study life ... I am what you might call a student of life ... This ... and that.

MISS U

Oh, how incredibly personal you are, Mr` S. Have I not always said you have the artist in you?

MR. S

I am neither more than I seem to be, nor more than I am, and no less, also.

SERVANT

( *Mimicking in a low voice.*)

And no less ... also.

MR. R

Miss I ...

MISS I

Yes?

MR. R

Last Saturday I waited for a certain lady who never arrived.

MISS I

You did?

MR. R

Yes.

MISS I

Oh, she couldn't come. She spent all afternoon walking up and down a certain street where a gentleman

( *referring to Mr` T*)

who shall remain nameless lives. She was hoping to have an accidental meeting ... a sort of unexpected encounter with him. But he never left his house ... nor did he enter it.

( *Miss O and Miss U giggle. The Servant is bored by the Ladies' and Gentlemen's repartee. Through the following speeches she pantomimes their gestures.*)

MR. T

He didn't, Madam ... he didn't. He saw the lady from his window and she did indeed walk up and down his street. But he couldn't receive her ... his heart was torn. You see, he received a letter from the one he loves

( *referring to Miss U*)

telling him his love was unrequited. He spent all afternoon sitting by his window plucking petals from flowers, and the answer always was ... she loves me not.

MISS O

And who is this he speaks of?

MISS U

She is not free to love. Her heart belongs to he

( *referring to Mr` S* )

whose glance drives her to a frenzy, and whose mere presence brings color to her cheeks.

MR. S

The man who puts you in such a state has eyes only for O. Oh, Miss O.

MISS I

Oh! What tension! A name has been mentioned.

MISS U

And what have you to say to that, O?

MISS O

I regret I cannot speak since Mr` S has mentioned me by name. But do you wonder why O shuns you when you are so indiscreet?

( *Taking a step toward R.* )

And besides, she loves R.

( *R takes a step toward I. I takes a step toward T. T takes a step toward U. U takes a step toward S. S takes a step toward O. O takes a step toward R.* )

MISS U

You were there when I was not. I was there when you were not. Don't love me, sweetheart, Or I might stop loving you.

Unrequited love, Unrequited love.

MISS O

Passionate lips are sweet. But oh, how much sweeter Are lips that refuse. Don't love me, sweetheart, Or I might stop loving you.

MISS I

Inviting lips, Alluring lips Which shape the word no No no no no no no. Don't love me, sweetheart, Or I might stop loving you.

MR. R

You know nothing of life, You know nothing of love Till you have tasted Of unrequited love. Don't love me, sweetheart, Or I might stop loving you.

ALL

Unrequited love, Unrequited love. There is no love Like unrequited love.

MISS I

Oh! We sang that well.

MR. R

He who scrubs the pot finds it most shiny.

MR. S

(To Mr. R.)

And he who soils it, turns up his nose. Mr. R, you were flat.

MISS I

Touché!

MISS U

What a marvelous mind.

MR. S

Just frank.

SERVANT

( *Mimicking.* )

Just frank.

( *They all look at the Servant, shocked.* )

MISS I

Mr. S, it's up to you to think of a rejoinder.

MR. S

Dear me, I'm speechless. Wait! Listen to my answer. My frankness, my dear, My wit, my veneer, Are something you should revere.

LADIES

A rhyme! A rhyme!

MR. S

Instead, you just think it queer. Your unprosperous status Produces a dubious, Fallacious, and tedious Outlook on life.

( *The Servant makes a face at him.* )

You do not know what we're about We do not know what you're about Or care to know.

( *The Servant lowers her head.* )

It's sad your career Depends on our whim. On with your work, my dear, Or you'll get thin. You see, even if you're here, And we're also here, You are not near. Isn't that clear?

MISS U

Oh, Mr. S, how well you rhyme.

MR. S

Not difficult, dear. Just keep the ending of the word in mind ... it will come.

MISS U

*Incendo, incendis, incendit, incendimus, incenditis, incendunt.*

MR. S

The ending, not the beginning.

MISS U

But Mr. S, how can one tell how a word will end?

MR. S

Foresight.

*( The Waiter brings in a giant cake to the accompaniment of musical fanfare. The Dishwasher follows.)*

MR. T

Oh look! Look! Look! The cake is here.

MR. S

Oh look! Look! Look! It's time for dessert.

LADIES

Don't eat it, Don't eat it. Wait until midnight.

GENTLEMEN

Put it on the table, Put it on the table.

MISS U

Phooey ... It smells of garlic.

GENTLEMEN

It's not to be eaten, It's not to be eaten.

*( Miss Cake steps out of the cake. They all applaud and cheer.)*

LADIES

Don't eat her, Don't eat her. Wait until midnight.

GENTLEMEN

Put her on the table, Put her on the table.

LADIES

She's not to be eaten, She's not to be eaten.

MISS I

What is she for?

DISHWASHER



To look at.

( *The Jailer's head appears through the door.*)

MR. S

And to touch.

MR. R

Only to touch.

DISHWASHER

And to look at.

MISS I

May the ladies touch, too?

MR. R

No, not the ladies, only the gentlemen.

MISS O

I want to be naked too.

MR. R

Only one, Only one Naked lady.

MISS O

( *Taking off her dress.*)

Two ... two ... I want to be naked too.

MR. R

Only one, Only one Naked lady. All right, Two naked ladies.

MISS O

Thank you, Thank you, sir.

GENTLEMEN

Only two, Only two Naked ladies.

MISS I

( *Taking off her dress.*)

Three ... three ... I want to be naked too.

GENTLEMEN

Only two, Only two Naked ladies. All right, Three naked ladies.

MISS I

Thank you, Thank you, sir.

GENTLEMEN

Only three, Only three Naked ladies.

MISS U

( *Taking off her dress.*)

Four ... four ... I want to be naked too.

GENTLEMEN

Only three, Only three Naked ladies. All right, Four naked ladies.

MISS U

Thank you, Thank you, sir.

ALL

Only four, Only four Naked ladies. Four ... four ... Four naked ladies.

LADIES

Thank you, Thank you, sit.

MISS I

*Mademoiselle, comment vous appelez-vous?*

MISS CAKE

*Moi, je m'appelle La Rose de Shanghai.*

MISS U

*Est-ce que vous êtes française?*

MISS CAKE

*Pas au'jourd'hui.* Let the fruit ripen on the tree For if not the meat will harden. I'm the peach of the west. Chicken is he who does not love me.

I come from a country named America

MR. R

You do?

MISS CAKE

I do. Chicken is he who does not love me; For there's more to the cake than the icing. A morsel I'm not, I'm a feast, And this not every man knows. Remember all the times You thought you got a bargain?

MISS U

I do.

MISS CAKE

And it cost you more than it was worth?

MISS I

Aha!

MISS CAKE

That's what we're here for, To learn one thing or another; For on art alone one cannot live. Chicken is he who does not love me.

Tell me you adore me, and I'll let you go.

ALL

We adore you.

MISS CAKE

I'm the peach of the west, you know, And a bit of a rebel, just a bit. And chicken is he, chicken are you all. I'm not a morsel, I'm a feast, I'm not a morsel, I'm a feast, I'm not a morsel, I'm a feast.

MR. R

A toast ... A toast ...

MR. S

To the ladies ... To the ladies ...

( *They all dance.* )

ALL

Only four, Only four Naked ladies. Four... four ... Four naked ladies.

LADIES

Thank you, Thank you, sir.

( *The jailer enters.* )

JAILER

Everybody's under arrest.

( *105 and 106 freeze in an effort to conceal themselves.* )

MR. S

No, we're not under arrest, we're frolicking.

MISS I

Oh, what fun!

JAILER

Everybody's under arrest. I'm looking for two prisoners escaped from the penitentiary. And everybody's under arrest until I find them.

MR. T

Oh, silly man, don't you see we're having fun. Oh joy, joy, joy.

( *The Ladies and Gentlemen start sitting around the table.*)

JAILER

( *Suspiciously.*)

And why is everybody naked?

MR. S

Only the ladies are naked. The men are in full dress.

( *The Jailer looks around.*)

JAILER

True ... true ...

( *He goes after Miss U. Miss U takes a few little steps away from him.*)

MISS U

( *Pressing her nostrils with her fingers and striking a cherubic arabesque.*)

Oh.

JAILER

Well, I may not smell of roses, but when there's a job to do, I do it. I'm looking for those prisoners and nothing can detract me from my search.

( *Miss I walks past him. He follows her.*)

I sense complicity here.

( *Looking closely at her buttocks.*)

Fingerprints perhaps ...

( *He touches her buttocks; Miss U slaps his hand. To Miss O:*)

Madam, as an officer of the law I must conduct a search.

MISS O

Oh, stop bringing the street into our lives. You're common.

JAILER

( *To Miss Cake.*)

Speaking of common, madam, I've seen you. You look familiar.

( *Miss Cake hits the Jailer on the head. He crawls under the table.*)

MISS O

( *To Mr. R.*)

Let us be irrational.

( Mr` R walks away. She addresses herself to 105 and 106.)

Let's you and me embrace.

( 105 and 106 are not sure which one she means. They both start moving and bump against each other, bow to each other, offer the way to each other and so on. They finally reach her with open arms.)

The moment has passed.

You have, perhaps, made me feel something, But the moment has passed. And what is done cannot be undone. Once a moment passes, it never comes again. I once had a man who loved me well. His mouth was smaller than his eye. But I loved him just the same. Yes, I loved him just the same.

He said he would kill for me. And I said, "like, for instance, whom?" And he said, "like, for instance, you, Like for instance you."

Sometimes it hurts more than others. Sometimes it hurts less. Sometimes it's just the same. Sometimes it's really just the same.

But never mind that. No, never mind that. God gave understanding just to confuse us. And it's always the same anyway. It's always the same anyway.

If it's in your path to hurt me, By all means, do. But, I beg you, don't go out of your way Don't go out of your way to do so.

You don't know what to make of me. But I know what to make of you. I have nothing to lose, Or not much, anyway. But never mind that. God gave understanding just to confuse us, And it's always the same anyway.

You have, perhaps, made me feel something. But the moment has passed. And what is done cannot be undone. Once a moment passes, it never comes again.

( Miss O joins the rest at the table.)

MR. T

( Offering Miss I a smelling potion.)

Have a little philter-philtre.

( Mr` R holds a bunch of grapes over Miss U's mouth while he eats a leg of turkey.)

MISS U

Oh, how good these grapes are ... To the left, Mr` R ... a little to the left...

MISS I

Pass the syrup, Mr` S ... You pour it. I like the way you pour ... profusely, Mr` S ... let it flow. Ahhh.

( The Jailer kisses Miss U's foot. Mr` R leans over and eats grapes from the same bunch as Miss I. The Servant and the Waiter wait on the guests. Mr` R and Mr` S offer grapes to Miss Cake. She looks at one and then the other.)

MISS CAKE

I seem to be undecided. I'll take both, one from each.

( She opens her mouth. They each push the bottom grape of their bunches in her mouth with the tip of their fingers. She closes her mouth and they pull the bunch off.)

MR` R & MR` S

Ahhh ...

*( They all begin to yawn and feel drowsy.)*

MISS I

Ahh, I feel a breeze.

*( Mr` S blows in her direction.)*

MISS O

Sleep, sweet sleep.

MISS U

*( In a sleepy manner.)*

I'd like another taste.

MISS I

Have you tasted the melon, Mr` T? It's sweet and ripe ...

MR. T

Mommommmom ...

*( Mr` S burps. They start snoring. 105 and 106 survey the room.)*

105

Can you bear this bliss?

106

Yes!

105

The source of satisfaction is wealth. Isn't it?

106

It is.

*( 105 and 106 start stealing jewels from the Ladies and Gentlemen. The Jailer notices them and starts walking toward them stealthily. 105 and 106 move furtively around the room. The Jailer follows them.)*

106

*( Making a gallant gesture.)*

*Après vous.*

JAILER

*( Repeating the gesture.)*

*Pas du tout.*

106

( *Repeating the gesture.*)

*Je vous en prie.*

JAILER

( *Repeating the gesture.*)

*Mon plaisir.*

105 & 106

( *Repeating the gesture.*)

*Le nôtre.*

JAILER, 105 & 106

( *Sing.*)

*Après vous. Après vous. Pas du tout. Je vous en prie. Mon plaisir. Le nôtre. Permettez-moi. Notre plaisir. Le mien. A votre service. Au votre. Au votre. L'age avant la beauté.*

( *The Servant kicks the Jailer out the door. 105 and 106 kiss her and resume stealing. They sing while they take the men's wallets and watches, the ladies' jewelry, the candlesticks, the silverware, the tablecloth and the chandelier. They put everything in their sacks.*)

105

Can you bear this bliss?

106

No.

105

Can you bear this bliss?

106

Yes.

105 & 106

Eating is a blessing. Money is a joy. Drinking is a pleasure, And Riches a delight.

SERVANT

We've come to one conclusion That's readily discerned: A lot of satisfaction Does away with discontent.

Doesn't it? A lot of satisfaction Produces happiness. And the source of satisfaction Is wealth. Isn't it? All that man possesses Displaces discontent.

SERVANT

What? What? What? What? What?

105 & 106

Diamonds and cakes, Macaroons and furs Dispel discontent. Chandeliers and wine, Porcelain and lace Efface discontent.

( *106 takes a jewel from Miss Cake.*)

MISS CAKE

( *Taking it back.*)

Oh no you don't.

105, 106 & SERVANT

Silverware and hats, Embroideries and salt, Flower pots and yachts, Cinnamon and bells, And awnings, And cushions, And satins, And rings, And castles, And crackers, And things, Things, Things, Things,

( *105, 106 and the Servant exit as they continue singing.*)

Things, Things ...

( *The Ladies and Gentlemen begin to stir.*)

MISS O

Ah! We have been robbed!

MR. T

Where is my pearl stickpin?

MISS I

Oh, where, where, where?

MR. R

Where is my fur *porte-monnaie*?

MISS U

Where is my ruby tooth?

MR. S

Where is my monogram?

ALL

Where? Where? Where? Where?

( *As they exit.*)

Where? Where? Where? Where?

### **Act 1, Scene 3**

SCENE 3

( *The Street. 105, 106, and the Servant enter arm in arm doing a dance step.*)

105

Did you really like that party?

( *They stop dancing.*)



106

Yes ... I liked it.

105

I liked it too ...

106

You did?

105

Yes ...

106

( *To the Servant.*)

Did you?

( *She thinks a moment. They resume the dance step and circle the stage.*)

SERVANT

You know?

( *They stop dancing.*)

106

What?

SERVANT

To discover what everyone has always known is not important.

106

No, it isn't.

( *105 and 106 take a step as if to resume the dance.*)

SERVANT

However ...

105

What?

SERVANT

I have just discovered what life is all about.

105

You have?

SERVANT

I have. To walk down the street With a mean look in my face, A cigarette in my right hand A toothpick in my left; To alternate between the cigarette And the toothpick, Ah! That's life.

Yes, I have learned from life. Every day I've learned some more. Every blow has been of use. Every joy has been a lesson. Yes, I have learned from life. What surprises me Is that life Has not learned from me.

Why? ... Well ... That would be hard to explain ... If I could give you a kiss, perhaps you'd understand.

( *The Servant gives each a kiss.*)

You still don't understand? ... No?

Well, then, Because I'm placid as a cow, As lucid as glass, As frank as a bald head, As faithful as a dog.

( *They start exiting doing the same dance step.*)

You see what I mean?

( *105 and 106 express doubt with their faces and nod. They exit. The Mother enters. She walks slowly across the stage. When she reaches mid-stage she turns to the audience.*)

MOTHER

Have you seen my babies?

( *Pause.*)

NO? ... All right.

*She exits. There is the sound of a car, brakes, and a crash. The Injured Man is hurled on stage. The car is heard starting and taking off at high speed. 105, 106 and the Servant enter. They look the Injured Man over. They pull the top of their sack open and give it to the Servant to hold. 106 takes the Injured Man's wallet, watch, ring, shoes, and jacket, and passes them to 105 who puts them in the sack. They start tiptoeing away.*)

INJURED MAN

Ohh ...

( *105, 106 and the Servant stop short.*)

Ohhh ... ohh ...

105

( *Still without moving.*) What was that?

INJURED MAN

Ohhh ...

( *105, 106 and the Servant tiptoe to the Injured Man. 105 picks up the Injured Man's arm.*)

Ohhh ...

( *105 drops the arm. There is a short pause. He picks up the other arm.*)

Ohhh ...

( *105 drops the arm.*)

Ohhh...

He aches.

( *They look at each other. They look at the Injured Man. The Driver enters.*)

DRIVER

I came back.

INJURED MAN

Ohh. Ohh.

DRIVER

To the scene of the crime.

INJURED MAN

Ohh. Ohh.

DRIVER

I'm a hit-and-run driver.

INJURED MAN

Ohh. Ohh.

DRIVER

I'll kill myself if you die.

INJURED MAN

Ohh. Ohh. I'm cold.

( *The Jailer enters.*)

JAILER

Have you seen two prisoners escaped from the penitentiary? One tall. The other just a little taller?

( *105 and 106 lie as injured.*)

They wear prisoners' uniforms with the number 105 and 106 on the front and on the back of their jackets.

( *105 and 106 take off their jackets and put them on the Injured Man. The number 105 is visible on his chest and 106 on his back.*)

INJURED MAN

Thank you, Thank you. You're so nice, You're so nice. Thank you, Thank you. You're so nice, You're so nice. Thank you, Oh, thank you.

JAILER

( *Pointing to the Injured Man.*)

That's one of them! Get up, 105.

( *The Jailer hits the Injured Man on the stomach. The Injured Man bends over. The number 106 is visible on his back.*)

There's the other. Get up, 106. That's them all right. Get up.

DRIVER

Leave him alone. You're kicking the injured man.

JAILER

What do you mean? That's 105 and 106.

DRIVER

Does that look like two people to you? That's the injured man.

( *105 and 106 begin to shiver.*)

INJURED MAN

My friends are cold, too. Someone must have stolen their clothes.

DRIVER

I'll take the clothes off my back to give to your friends. If you die I'll kill myself.

( *The Driver gives his jacket and vest to 105 and 106. He shivers.*)

Now I'm cold.

INJURED MAN

( *Giving one of the jackets to the Driver.*)

I have enough for two.

JAILER

Which reminds me of this little woman. I used to have. She used to take her clothes off all the time. That was the only thing I liked about her ... hey! There you are, 105 and 106.

( *Taking the Driver and the Injured Man by the collar.*)

Don't tell me you're just one. I see you plain as day. One and two. I can count. Don't tell me I can't count.

( *He exits with the Driver and the Injured Man.*)

SERVANT

Neither probe nor ignore That the clothes make the man. Isn't it true that costumes Change the course of life?

Who can marry a gigolo? Can you? Can you? I can't.

Who can love a businessman? Can you? Can you? I can't.

Who can pity a cop? Who can reason with a clown? Who can dance with a priest? Can you? Can you? I can't.

105, 106 & SERVANT

You see, a costume Can change your life. Be one and all. Be each and all. Transvest, Impersonate, 'Cause costumes Change the course Of life.

*The Jailer re-enters, carrying the prisoners' jackets by the collar.)*

JAILER

I'm taking these two prisoners back to jail.

*( He shrugs his shoulders and exits.)*

105, 106 & SERVANT

Who can argue with a jailer? Can you? Can you? I can't.

Be one and all. Be each and all. Transvest, Impersonate, 'Cause costumes Change the course Of life.

*( They exit.)*

**Act 1, Scene 4**

SCENE 4

*( The Park. 105 and 106 sit on a bench. They each knit one end of a single scarf. The Servant sits between them. The Mother enters.)*

MOTHER

I've lost my babies. I've been looking for them for years and I can't find them. Have you seen them?

106

No.

MOTHER

You haven't seen my babies, have you?

SERVANT

No.

MOTHER

They aren't very pretty, but they have beautiful eyes. I lost my babies right here. Have you seen them?

105 & 106

No.

MOTHER

Have you seen my babies? I've been looking for them for years, And I can't find them.

Have you seen them? Have you seen them? Have you seen them?

Have you seen two little angels? Have you? With skin soft like feathers In diapers still.

Have you seen them? Have you seen them? Have you seen them?

Have you seen those sweet angels? Have you seen them ...

*( The Mother looks closely at 105 and 106.)*

No ... My babies were pretty. These are not my babies.

( *She looks again.* )

No. These are big, ugly and old. Mine were this big.

( *She indicates the size of an infant.* )

And pretty ... Bye.

105 & 106

Bye.

( *The Mother exits.* )

106

Hmm. Big, ugly and old ...

105

Well, we could be younger.

( *The Mother re-enters and watches 105 and 106 from behind the bushes.* )

106

True.

105

We could be prettier.

106

Not true.

105

We could be smaller.

106

Don't want to be.

105 & 106

It's to age That we owe What we are.

In fact we're grateful For the passing of time. It's only fitting We should be grateful For the passing of time. 'Cause Without growth We'd not be What we are.

MOTHER

What are you?

( *They pose for her. They point to themselves from head to toe. They do a turn. They do a tap step.* )

105 & 106

We are All that we are. From head to toe.

Once it's thoroughly thought through We should realize It's only appropriate We should be attracted To the passing of time,  
Attracted to the passing of time. 'Cause it's to age That we owe what we are, And without it We'd not be What we are.

MOTHER

It's distressing to get old.

106

Well, you are bound to get older ...

105

If you're going to be alive.

( *The Ladies and Gentlemen walk in, led by Mr` S, who scans the floor for footprints. They walk by 105, 106 and the Servant without noticing them.*)

MR. S

They went this way. Follow me. I took a course in trails, tracks and clues.

( *He discovers Miss U's foot.*)

Oh, what pretty feet you have, Miss U.

MISS U

I do?

MR. T

Feet? Where? Oh ...

MR. S

Dainty.

MR. T

Hm. Delicious.

( *Lifting her skirt.*)

Let's see your ankle, Miss U. Oh, it's pretty.

MISS U

Mr` R, wouldn't you like to admire my feet? Each toe has a personality all its own.

MR. R

Oh, I've seen them.

MISS U

You cad.

( *To Mr` S and Mr` T.*)

Who am I?

MR´ S & MR´ T

The queen!

MISS U

And what are my virtues?

( *Mr´ S and Mr´ T lift her up on their shoulders.* )

MR´ S & MR´ T

You are flighty! You are fickle! And you are wicked!

MISS U

That's right.

( *They put her down. Miss U walks to Mr´ R. He turns his back to her.* )

You rascal.

Capricious as I am, and fickle, In spite of my renowned restlessness, in spite of my noted changeability; My versatility, my spirit of adventure, One day because of your winning ways. I gave you all I had. And you in your typical fashion, Conceited, flippant, and complacent, Just threw it all away, Just threw it all away. You heel! You cad! You treated me the way I treated others. You scoundrel! How dare you bring shame to my life? Shame ... shame. One day, because of your amorous claims, I learned that pleasure Does not need fabrication; That true love catches you by surprise. But you, confirmed egotist, You were just playing games.

You insisted on re-enacting A moment from your past; Either a moment that you lived Or a moment that you imagined. You heel! You were just playing games. Shame ... shame ...

I am conceited, flippant and deceitful, And I am flighty, frivolous, and vain. And you, scoundrel, You treated me the way I treated others. Just who do you think you are?

In spite of my reputation As a lady without heart I gave my heart to you. You heel ... And here I am. I've lost my heart to you.

Unaccustomed as I am To asking a man for his favor, I'm asking you, Come ... come ... come ... I'm helpless without you.

( *Mr´ R walks to Miss U. They kiss. Immediately after, Mr´ R touches Miss I's face and blows her a kiss. Miss U punches Mr´ R in the stomach. Mr´ R falls. Mr´ T and Mr´ S carry him off followed by Miss O. Miss I. Miss U, and the Mother.* )

SERVANT

Ahhhhh. Riches made them dumb.

105

Who?

SERVANT

All of them. Mr´ R, Mr´ S, Mr´ T, Miss I, Miss O, Miss U.

105

Really?

SERVANT



Yes, money made them dumb.

106

Did it? How dumb.

SERVANT

Very dumb. Money makes you dumb.

106

Naw ...

SERVANT

Yes! ... I'll show you.

*( She outs on a bracelet, a necklace and a brooch. She imitates the speech of the Ladies and Gentlemen.)*

If someone scrubs the pot. Perhaps it will get shiny. I'm neither this, nor that. Only exactly what I think I am. That is, if you think I'm frank, frank, frank.

*( She reaches for more jewels. 105 and 106 begin to dress her. They drape a lace tablecloth around her, hang the silverware around her waist and put the rest of the jewelry on her. At the end of the song they put the chandelier on her head as a crown.)*

Is it time yet to be naked? Oh no no no no no, oh no. It might be a little indiscreet To take off my clothes before three. Aah ... aah ... aah ...

It is now time to get dressed. Dress, dress, dress, dress, dress me. It is time to put on my clothes. Aah ... aah ... aah ...

In my life I've made some errors. Errors one and two and three, Four, five, six, Seven, eight, nine, ten. Wonderful errors. Marvelous errors. From a to z.

I used to be an ordinary girl With a delicate soul. Now I'm just ordinary. Where did my soul go? Aah ... aah ... aah Where did it go? Where did my soul go?

Someone has mentioned my name. But who is it he speaks of? You see I'm neither this nor that, Neither this nor that. And I'm not free to love.

Someone has mentioned my name But I'm neither this nor that. And I've forgotten who I am, I've forgotten who I am. But I can, I can, I can rhyme, Yme, <sup>\*</sup> yme, yme, yme, yme, I can, I can, I can rhyme, Yme, yme, yme, yme, yme. Why have you not crowned me yet. I'm neither this nor that But I can rhyme. I can rhyme Yme, yme, yme, yme.

*( They crown her.)*

I can rhyme Yme, yme, yme, yme, yme. You see what I mean?

105

Not really.

*( 106 shakes his head.)*

SERVANT

*( In an attempt to convince them.)*

Yme yme yme yme yme yme Rhyme.

It's also bad for your health.

( *She sneezes.*)

106

Are you rich, dear? You seem to have a cold.

SERVANT

I used to be poor. Very, very poor. But now, I'm very, very, very rich.

( *She sneezes.*)

105

You are?

SERVANT

Yes.

106

Watch out you don't lose your brains. Remember, riches make you dumb. Ho ho ho.

105

And you are even beginning to imagine things. Ho ho.

106

Riches make you dumb.

105

Yme, yme, yme, rhyme.

SERVANT

I can rhyme.

( *105 places the sack on the floor next to the Servant, while 106 picks her up and stands higher on the sack. Now she is part of their loot. The Jailer watches from a corner. They pull the sack over the Servant's head, carry her on their shoulders and exit.*)

\*Pronounced íme.

**Act 2**

**Act 2, Scene 1**

Act Two

SCENE 1

( *The Battlefield. There is the sound of bombs. The lights flash on and off. Soldiers I and II lie on the floor. Their heads, arms, and torsos are wrapped in bandages. 105 and 106 run across the stage. They still carry the Servant. The Jailer follows them. He stops when he sees the Soldiers.*)

JAILER

There you are, 105 and 106, you're digging. Your disguise does not deceive me. I'd recognize you miles away. I'm a smart man and your tricks are puerile.

( *Bomb.* )

I think I'll watch from afar. This time they're playing with dynamite and a man can get hurt with that.

( *Bomb. He exits.* )

SOLDIER I

John ...

SOLDIER II

What?

SOLDIER I

Did you get drafted?

SOLDIER II

Drafted!

SOLDIER I

Did you volunteer?

SOLDIER II

For what?

SOLDIER I

To get the bombs dropped on you.

SOLDIER II

No, I didn't.

SOLDIER I

How did they get you?

SOLDIER II

I was going home from work when someone said: "Hey, soldier!" and I made the mistake to look.

SOLDIER I

You volunteered then.

SOLDIER II

Why?

SOLDIER I

Because you looked.

SOLDIER II

Gosh! I shouldn't have looked.

SOLDIER I

Well, they get you anyway, whether you look or not.

SOLDIER II

How did they get you?

SOLDIER I

I got drafted. When the man said "Hey, soldier," I kept walking. But he hit me on the head, told me to drop my pants, spread my cheeks, threw me on a barber chair, and here I am.... They didn't even let me face the mirror.

SOLDIER II

That's tough.

SOLDIER I

John, we used to have a good time, didn't we?

SOLDIER II

Yes, remember the time we got in trouble by the fountain?

SOLDIER I

*You* got in trouble.

SOLDIER II

I was a little drunk. And there was a cop standing in the corner. And I said to him "Hey, flatfoot." ... Ha ha ha ha ha.... It was a nice evening.

SOLDIER I

John ...

SOLDIER II

What?

SOLDIER I

Do you think we're going to win the war?

SOLDIER II

We might.

SOLDIER I

How can we? We don't even have guns.

SOLDIER II

Only bandages.

SOLDIER I

What can we do with bandages?

SOLDIER II

Just wait till we get hit, I guess.

*( A bomb falls. At the same time 105 and 106 are hurled on stage. Their heads and torsos are wrapped in bandages. Soldiers I and II fall to the ground. Another bomb falls. 105 and 106 huddle up to the soldiers. They are silent and motionless for a while.)*

SOLDIER I

John ...

SOLDIER II

What?

SOLDIER I

Are you alive?

SOLDIER II

Yes. I'm just wounded.... And you?

SOLDIER I

Just wounded....

*( Pause.)*

John ...

SOLDIER II

What?

*( Soldier I points to 105 and 106. Soldier II turns his head cautiously.)*

Who are they?

SOLDIER I

*( He points to Soldier II and himself.)*

Same thing.... Enlisted....

*( To 105 and 106.)*

How did they get you?

106

We were walking down the street and we heard someone say, "Hey, soldier."

SOLDIER I

And you looked.

SOLDIER II

You shouldn't have looked.

SOLDIER I

Well, they get you anyway. I didn't look, but they hit me on the head, threw me on the barber chair, and here I am ... waiting for the bombs ...

( *Pause.* )

John ...

SOLDIER II

What?

SOLDIER I

In case I don't make it, drop this in the mail, will you?

SOLDIER II

What is it?

SOLDIER I

A letter.

SOLDIER II

What does it say?

( *Soldier I takes the letter out of the envelope and sings.* )

SOLDIER I

"Sidney N' Phelps, Director. Dining, sleeping, and parlor car, Penn Central, Long Island City, New York, one one one o one.

"Mr' Phelps, On Tuesday, March seventeenth, On board The Boston Colonial Of the Penn Central Railroad I had the worst hamburger I ever had; Served to me on dining car Four four seven four four. Mr' Phelps, I've had Bad hamburgers before, But that was the worst I ever had."

SOLDIER II

I'll mail it for you.

( *He reaches for the letter but is distracted by the Mayor and Miss Cake's entrance. He carries a picnic basket. She wears a shawl. They walk through serenely and gallantly.* )

MAYOR

My rose, is it too cool for you?

MISS CAKE

No, it's balmy and besides I am wearing my wrap.

MAYOR

It's so nice of you to come with me to review the troops.

MISS CAKE

Don't mention it.

( *The Soldiers, 105 and 106 watch them exit.* )

SOLDIER I

When Madeline told me it was all off I took The Boston Colonial, And as the train pulled off I looked to see if my Madeline was there But she wasn't. Oh, Madeline. Oh, Madeline Why weren't you there? Why weren't you there?

( *Bomb. The Mother enters.* )

MOTHER

Have you seen my babies?

( *The Soldiers, 105 and 106 shake their heads.* )

They were round and tender.... They only spoke two words ... poles apart.... Let me see if I can remember.... North-South.... No, that's not it.... Well, take any two words and say they were it. Have you seen them?

( *They shake their heads.* )

They had small teeth. Like little grains of rice. And just two ... in front.... You haven't seen them?

( *They shake their heads. The Mother exits singing "Two little Angels" sotto-voce. The Mayor and Miss Cake enter.* )

MAYOR

Ah, there you are. I seem to have bypassed you.

( *To Miss Cake.* )

Here is the platoon, my lily. We bypassed them.

MISS CAKE

Yes.... This is where they are ... and were.

( *The Servant enters, running. She carries the loot bag. The Jailer follows her. They circle the Soldiers twice. The Jailer changes direction and grabs the Servant as she runs toward him. She throws the loot bag up in the air. 106 catches it and throws it to 105 as the Jailer goes toward him.* )

MAYOR

Oh, what's happening? Why all the running?

( *The bag goes from hand to hand until it falls in the Mayor's hands.* )

Oh, a donation for the orphanage ... from the troops. How timely. I was just thinking I need a new team of horses ... for my new carriage.

( *He gives the Jailer the picnic basket.* )

Take this. Go find a nice spot for the picnic, with flowers and a view. And take my damsel to it. Make sure it's a shady spot. The sun makes her blush.

MISS CAKE

Flush.

JAILER

Flush sounds better. I'm sure this lady never blushed.

( *The Servant tries to take the bag from the Mayor. He threatens her with the back of his hand. The Ladies and Gentlemen enter in the manner of people at a garden party.* )

MAYOR

What now? Review the troops. Att-ent-ion. There you are ... standing at attention. Fine bunch. They jump at my command.

( *They all jump slightly.* )

Ha ha. That's the spirit. Let's see ...

( *Referring to Miss I.* )

That's a nice posture, Sergeant.

( *Giving her a slap on the back.* )

Good boy ... good boy. Splendid, get his name.

( *To Miss O.* )

That's a nice uniform, officer, where did you have it made? Shipshape.

( *He k?sses Miss O on both cheeks.* )

You can't tell the men from the women nowadays. But it doesn't matter ... it does not matter as long as they can shoot. Shoot. Shoot. Nothing wrong with you boys.

( *Looking at Miss U.* )

Hm, that's a good cannon ball. Yes, shipshape. Everything's in good form. Lucky stiff. Shoot. Shoot.

( *Bomb.* )

Ooops. Don't shoot your captain now. Shoot to the side. Ha ha. Yes, sir, pretty field you have here, roses and fireworks. Lucky stiff, you can have a picnic any time you want.... Look at those guns. Great guns. Rifles. That's what you call them.

( *Bomb.* )

Ooops. What's that noise? I didn't know it was the Fourth of July.... Neither did I. Hm. I'm sure I brought someone with me. Where is my damsel?

MISS CAKE

Yooo hoooo. I'm here.

MAYOR

There you are of course

( *The Mayor goes to Miss Cake.* )

MISS U

Rompous-mompus-gambol-mumble!

( *The music for "Spring is Here" starts* )

MAYOR



Hmmm. I smell chocolate pudding.... Where is it?

( *He stands abruptly and runs after the Servant. The Jailer runs after 105 and 106.*)

LADIES

Mompus-mumble-rompous-gambol!

( *The Jailer and the Mayor bump against each other. They start dancing together Miss Cake dances on the tablecloth. The Ladies and Gentlemen start undoing the Soldiers head bandages.*)

LADIES & GENTLEMEN

Spring is here!

LADIES

Ahaa ahaa ahaa Arbutus are here And spring beauties. Ohoo ohoo ohoo It's springtime, And hepaticas are blooming.

( *The Ladies and Gentlemen dance around the Soldiers using their head bandages as ribbons around a Maypole.*)

LADIES & GENTLEMEN

I see a bride, Oohooohoo hoohooohoo I see a bride in white. Oohooohoo hoohooohoo.

SOLDIER I

Oh, please don't.

LADIES & GENTLEMEN

I see a lady, I see two, I see a groom behind a tree. Oohooohoo hoohooohoo.

SOLDIER I

Don't do that.

( *Simultaneously with:*)

SOLDIER II

Please don't.

LADIES & GENTLEMEN

Come out, come out Wherever you are. Come out, come out Wherever you are.

LADIES

Those who give will get of nature's bounty through the year.

SOLDIER I & SOLDIER II

Oh.

( *The Mother starts hitting the dancers.*)

MOTHER

Leave them alone ...

LADIES & GENTLEMEN

I see a bride, Oohoohoo hoohoohoo. I see a bride in white, Oohoohoo hoohoohoo.

MOTHER

Leave them alone. Let go.

LADIES & GENTLEMEN

I see a lady, I see two. I see a groom Behind a tree, Oohoohoo hoohoohoo.

Apples, Peaches, Pumpkin pie. I see you, I see you, Anyone I see is it.

LADIES

Look down a well reflected in a mirror. And you'll see your future spouse's face.

SOLDIER I

Oh Madeline.

LADIES

Ready or not here I come. Ready or not here I come.

GENTLEMEN

Come out, come out Come out, come out

SOLDIER I

I looked to see if my Madeline Was there. But she wasn't. Oh, Madeline, Madeline, Madeline. Why weren't you there.

LADIES & GENTLEMEN

O, what a tierce and fiery fiesta.

SERVANT, 105, 106

Riches made them dumb Riches made them dumb

LADIES, GENTLEMEN

I see a lady I see two.

MOTHER

Let them go.

MAYOR

Come to my house everyone. I have plenty of wine, and you people are a jolly bunch.

( *The dancers exit as they sing the following:*)

DANCERS

Après vous, Après vous, Pas du tout. Je vous en prie. Mon plaisir. Le nôtre. Permettez-moi Notre plaisir. Le mien. A votre service. Au votre. Au votre. L'age avant la beauté.

( *The Mother, 105, 106 and the Servant go to the Soldiers. The Mother and the Servant hold them in their arms while 105 and 106 take off their bandages.*)

MOTHER

Here. I have something you'll like.

( *She looks in her pockets.* )

Oh, I forgot to bring it.

( *She looks again.* )

I always have something in my pockets. Well, I'll tell you a story.... There was a man ... a very wise man who wanted to conquer pain. He tried and tried but he couldn't find a way.... One day he went fishing just to distract himself from this thought that occupied his mind.... He caught one fish and then another ... and as he sat there waiting for the next fish to bite, he suddenly said, "I got it! You conquer pain the way you catch a fish. When pain bites you don't look away. You pull it toward you. And when it's right on top of you, and it starts flapping, and almost knocking you down, that's when you have it conquered, because it's out of the water." Yes, that's what he said.

105 & 106

When I was born I opened my eyes, And when I looked around I closed them; And when I saw how people get kicked in the head, And kicked in the belly, and kicked in the groin, I closed them. My eyes are closed but I'm carefree. Ho ho ho, ho ho ho, I'm carefree.

105

A poor man has fifty problems every day Fifty problems upon opening his eyes, Fifty problems every minute of the day. And life is sour. One thing a poor man has, That a rich man doesn't have, Is fifty problems every day.

When a wound is open And the guts are hanging out, It hurts. And it hurts as much When a man's life Is dark and narrow.

A poor man doesn't know Where his pain comes from. There is a dark wall, And a closed door, And a dirty old room, And he doesn't know how he got there.

A poor man's life is sour And he doesn't know Who made it so.

106

A poor man has to do what he's told. He doesn't know just why he does it. He just has to do what he's told.

Do the dirty work. Get off the street. It's you who has to fight the war.

He gets kicked in the head, And kicked in the belly, And kicked in the groin,

I know what madness is. It's not knowing how another man feels. A madman has never been In another man's shoes.

Madness is lack of compassion, And there's little compassion In the world.

It's only stupid things That make a madman feel sure: Money, power, adulation; Never just being alive, Having two feet on the ground, And having heart to give.

105 & 106

When I was born I opened my eyes, And when I looked around I closed them; And when I saw how people get kicked in the head, And kicked in the belly, and kicked in the groin, I closed them. My eyes are closed but I'm carefree. Ho ho ho, ho ho ho, I'm carefree.

( *The Soldiers feel their healed bodies.* )

SOLDIER II

I feel better.

SOLDIER I

I do too.

SOLDIER II

Let's go to the Mayor's party.

MOTHER

I don't want to go to the Mayor's party.

SOLDIER II

Why not?

MOTHER

I don't like him.

*( Soldier II beckons the Servant. She shakes her head.)*

SOLDIER II

*( To 105 and 106.)*

There'll be wine there.

*( They shake their heads. He goes to Soldier I and punches him lightly. Soldier I shakes his head. The music to "Why Not" starts. Soldier II starts dancing. He turns to the Mother.)*

Come ...

*( He leads the Mother in a simple dance.)*

SOLDIER I, II, THE SERVANT & THE MOTHER

La la la La la la La la la La la la

*( He beckons the Servant once more.)*

SERVANT

Why not? Why not? Let's go and have some fun Why not? If we can dance and have some fun; If there's free wine. We're a jolly bunch.

*( The Mother and Soldier II start exiting doing the same dance step. Soldier I and the Servant join them.)*

SOLDIER I, II, THE SERVANT & THE MOTHER

Why not? Why not? Why not? Why not!

*( 105 and 106 follow them. They are downcast.)*

## **Act 2, Scene 2**

### **SCENE 2**

*( The Mayor's Drawing Room. The Mayor sits on a high chair. A stethoscope hangs from his neck. The Jailer and Miss Cake stand by his sides. The rest enter in the order they left the previous scene.)*

MAYOR

Welcome.... Welcome.... I am about to entertain. Whoever is not amused will be sent to the common cell.

JAILER

Hear, hear. The show is about to start.

MAYOR

Have any of you ever heard the story of the rabbit and the turtle?

ALL

Yes.

MAYOR

You see, it goes like this: There was once a rabbit who said to the turtle: "Run fast. Run fast, or I'll win the race." "I'll run slowly," said the turtle, "and win the race." "If that is the case, I'll take a rest," said the rabbit. "Who are you to give me advantages?" said the turtle. And so on ... and so on ... and so on. Whoever doesn't laugh will be sent to the common cell.

( *They all laugh reluctantly.* )

Good. Now the party's over. Let me see what time it is.

( *Looking at his watch.* )

Too late! Everybody's under arrest for keeping me up so late. Wait, you've been reprieved. My watch stopped. It must be earlier than I thought. Or later. Amuse yourselves. I give the best parties in town. I don't? Who said that? I must be hearing things again. No one would dare say I don't give the best parties in town. Now, who has some mighty good entertainment?

( *Mr` R, Mr` S and Mr` T walk to the center in a vaudevillian manner.* )

MR. R

This is my son.

( *Apologetically.* )

He needs a haircut.

MR. S

What he needs is a new face.

( *Mr` R, Mr` S, and Mr` T laugh heartily.* )

MAYOR

Pretty dull. Pretty dull. I have seen better entertainment than that. You better do something funny, or I'll tell you another story.

( *Mr` R steps forward.* )

MR. R

Whenever my fingers went like this, I said: "Hell, my fingers always go like that." Until one day somebody said to me: "How original it is that your fingers go like that."

Since then, every time my fingers go like this, I say: "Look at my fingers go like that. How original it is that my fingers go like this." One of these days I'll sell them.

( *They applaud.* )

MAYOR

That's nothing! I wouldn't buy your fingers if you paid me. Why, I remember the days when I could do all kinds of things with my fingers and my mother used to say to me, "Why Jennifer, you're being salacious." Ha ha.

( *They all laugh reluctantly.* )

Who's next?

( *Mr. T takes out a song sheet. He gets the key from the piano and sings:* )

MR. T

It is true I told you I would love you And I never did. But remember, I'm forgetful, Little fool. Longings are like vapor. They go as they come. And remember, little fool, I'm forgetful.

Both my wife's and my mistress' name is Kate. One day, while I made love to Kate, my wife, I thought of my sweet mistress Kate. In a moment of passion and confusion, I said: "Kate, dear Kate, oh, Kate." My wife, hearing me speak my mistress' name, Said harsh words to me, and put me on the street. Is that fair, I ask you, is that fair?

It is true, I told you I would love you, And I never did. But remember, I'm forgetful, Little fool.

ALL

Longings are like vapor. They go as they come.

MR. T

And remember, little fool, I'm forgetful.

( *They all applaud. The servant does a dance to the accompaniment of the "Czardas." Others play instruments, do head stands, kazatskis, and different tricks according to the actor's ability.* )

MAYOR

No good. No good. That's common and ordinary. I'm a poet and a scholar. Let's hear some poetry.

105

Miss Cake?

MISS CAKE

Yes, Mr. 105.

105

What do you aim at in your work?

MISS CAKE

Magic.

106

Do you always achieve it?

MISS CAKE

Yes. Once in a while.

106

You don't mean always, then.

MISS CAKE

Yes, I do.

105

Explain.

MISS CAKE

In mathematical terms, if the impossible is ever achieved, it becomes always. That is how eternity is conceived.

MAYOR

That makes sense. But it's not poetry. Go back to your cake. Now, this is poetry.

A petunia is a flower like a begonia. You fry begonia like you fry sausage. Sausage and battery is a crime. Monkeys crime trees. Tree is a crowd. The cock crowd and made a noise. You have a noise on your face, also two eyes. The opposite of ayes is nays. A horse nays and has a colt. You go to bed with a colt, And wake up with double petunia.

Whoever doesn't laugh will be sent to the common cell.

*( All except 105 and 106 sing the "Laughing Song." The Mayor uses his stethoscope to make sure they are all laughing. At the end of the song he reaches 105 and 106. To the Jailer:)*

Take them away.

*( As the Jailer takes 105 and 106 away, the Mother takes a few steps toward them.)*

MOTHER

Don't take my children away.

Does anyone understand a mother's love? Except a mother? Does a father understand a mother's love? Except a good father? Does anyone understand a mother's love? Except a son, or a grandfather, or an uncle?

ALL

Everyone.

MOTHER

*( Recitative.)*

Then do you know that one autumn afternoon My children disappeared and that that very Autumn afternoon my life ended?

*( The Jailer re-enters with 105 and 106.)*

JAILER

I went the wrong way. That's the kitchen.

*( He walks in the opposite direction.)*

MOTHER

Oh ... I must kill myself.

( *The Mother pantomimes reaching for a knife and stabbing herself. She falls to the ground.*)

MAYOR

Marvelous ... marvelous. That's good entertainment. Do it again.

( *The Mother stands and repeats the same motions.*)

Marvelous. Now the party is over. Let me see what time 't is. Too late! Everybody's under arrest for keeping me up so late. Good night. That was mighty good entertainment.

( *The Jailer takes everyone to jail. The Mayor waves.*)

I must remember that.

( *He tries to remember the Mother's movements. The lights fade.*)

### **Act 2, Scene 3**

SCENE 3

*The Cell. It is empty. There is the sound of voices. All except the Mayor enter.*)

JAILER

The ladies are to come with me to the next cell ... one at a time. It's too crowded here.

MISS O

Yes, it's too crowded here. I am not having fun.

MR. T

Don't push, Miss I. There is no place to go.

( *To Mr` S.*)

You are stepping on my toe.

MR. S

Who said that being arrested could be fun?

MISS I

Well, it's not all that it's made up to be. It's a bore.

MISS U

I like it.

MR. R

She likes it. Why do you like it?

MISS U

It's different.

MR. R

You're sticking your elbow in my back, Miss O.



MISS O

I can't help it. I'm being pushed.

MR. R

Well, don't bend your arm. Keep it straight.

( *Miss O straightens her arm.*)

MR. S

Oops. Who did that?

MR. T

I'm going home. Make way.

MISS O

Me too.

JAILER

You can't go home. You're under arrest.

( *Mr. T and Miss O exit through the hole.*)

MR. S

Little man, step aside.

( *The Jailer steps aside. All except the Mother, the Servant, 105 and 106 begin to exit.*)

MR. R

Let's call Mr. Lipschitz.

MR. S

Let's play croquet. At night you don't know if the ball went under the wicket.

MISS O

Oh, let's play it on my lawn. I don't even have a set.

MISS I

Fickle....

( *The Jailer exits through the door and locks it.*)

JAILER

Well, whoever is left is under arrest.

( *He exits.*)

SERVANT

Sure.

( *Pause.* )

Well ... I'll go now....

MOTHER

Where will you go?

SERVANT

I don't know ... I'll go for a walk.

MOTHER

Will you be all right?

SERVANT

Yes, it's almost morning. The city is quiet now.

MOTHER

Be careful.

SERVANT

I'll be careful.

( *To 105 and 106.* )

Good night, friends.

105 & 106

Good night.

SERVANT

I'll be seeing you.

105 & 106

Would you like us to go with you?

SERVANT

No. I... It's okay. I'd like to be alone ... and think.

105 & 106

We'll see you soon....

SERVANT

Very soon.

( *The door opens for her. She steps out of the cell and turns to wave. They wave back. She exits.* )

MOTHER

Well, it's time to go to sleep now.

105 & 106

Yes.

MOTHER

Did you have a good time, my children?

105 & 106

Yes.

MOTHER

Did you find evil?

105 & 106

No.

MOTHER

Good night, then. Sleep well. You'll find it some other time.

105 & 106

Good night.

( *The Mother rocks them to sleep.* )

MOTHER

I saw a man lying in the street, Asleep and drunk. He had not washed his face. He held his coat closed with a safety pin And I thought, and I thought Thank God, I'm better than he.

I have to live with my own truth, I have to live with it. You live with your own truth, I cannot live with it. I have to live with my own truth, Whether you like it or not, Whether you like it or not.

There are many poor people in the world, Whether you like it or not. There are many poor people in the world. But I'm not one of them. I'm not one of them.

Someone's been stealing my apples But I'm not one of them, I'm not one of them. I know everything. Half of it I really know, The rest I make up, The rest I make up. Some things I'm sure of, Of other things I'm too sure, And of others I'm not sure at all. People believe everything they hear, Not what they see, not what they see. People believe everything they hear; But me, I see everything. Yes, I see everything.

The saddest day of my life was the day That I pitied a despicable man. And I've been sad ever since, Yes, I've been sad ever since. I'd like to go where a human being Is not a strange thing, Is not a strange thing.

When I go, no one will water my plants. When I go, no one will water my plants. No one ... no one ... no one ...

Yes, my children, you'll find evil ... some other time. Good night.

( *She exits.* )

105 & 106

Good night. All is well in the city. People do what they want. They can go to the park. They can sleep all they want. And for those who have no cake, There's plenty of bread.

END